

# LATIN SCHOOL RECISTER.

OCT...  
... 1896

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Designed by H. W. WILLIAMS, '95.

VOL.  
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No. 2

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# Latin School Register

VOL. XVI. No. 2.

OCTOBER, 1896.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

## A Golden Capture.

By JOSEPH O'GORMAN.

### CHAPTER III.

We must now revert to Mexico. During the brief time that we were looking after affairs in the United States the hunting party brought its expedition to a successful close. The day after the party returned was unusually hot; it was one of those still, humid days that make one long for the cool sea breezes. After breakfast the two families played tennis, croquet and ball (that is, the Aztec game mentioned in Chapter I.) as long as their limited patience and the weather permitted, and then took a long bath in the lake. After a light lunch, tired by the labor of existence, they sought balmy rest. Tom was the first to awake from his disturbed slumbers. He first went up to Mr. Hernfault's house, but seeing that Grace was sketching the tender, who was, like most of suffering mankind on that particular day, fast asleep, the boy did not disturb her. To tell the truth, Tom was somewhat devoted to Grace, and had tact enough to observe that when she was sketching she ill brooked any interruption. So, after musing awhile on the pleasant spectacle before him,—for a beautiful picture was afforded him in the wild background, the wonderful atmospheric tints in the sky and lake, the orderly and picturesque garden, in striking contrast to the surrounding landscape, and in the midst of all, giving the picture its small quota of real life, the fair artist with her quaint mantilla and the stalwart form of the dusky Indian,—after gazing with admiration at this Mexican empyrean, he took a horse and went down to the city to do a few errands.

After he had been gone about half an hour a tall, well dressed stranger approached Mr. Allen's house and requested that he be installed there as a boarder for a short time, saying that he did not care to go among the Mexicans any more than was necessary, as he was not well versed in Spanish. He gave his name as Sidney L. Duncan, and said that he was an explorer and geographer who wished to study Mexico. He had a smooth tongue, and Mr.

Allen became quite friendly with him. Being a well-read man, he took delight in the conversation of the *savant*, who was quite at home in his host's residence before Tom came home.

Tom brought home, among his purchases, a few newspapers. In one of these was an account of a daring burglary in the city of Texuco. It may be translated as follows:

"Last night the house of Senor Histrino was broken into by a band of six experienced robbers. They had apparently come from the recesses of the Sierra Madre mountains and sailed across the lake, as a nondescript boat was found thereon, and the footprints of the men in the house were of that reddish clay that is found only in the mountains to the west of Lake Texuco. They entered the house by the back door in broad daylight, shot down two Indians who opposed them, and ransacked the house from bottom to top, taking a few thousand dollars' worth of silverware and jewelry and a small amount of loose cash. They also compelled Senor Histrino to give them his check for five thousand dollars, made out to the order of Peter Skinner, which the leader boldly cashed in the bank. After this the band raided two provision stores, took a horse and wagon, and made off. The bank missed five thousand dollars in drafts and notes, but are at a loss to account for its disappearance. Senor Histrino describes the men as Americans, tall, muscular, all of them having bushy whiskers, and says the leader is a very tall man with red whiskers, long hair, and a particularly cunning and villainous, though not brutal, aspect.

"The authorities offer a reward of five hundred dollars for information leading to the arrest of these men. A party has already gone out in search of them, and is sanguine of capturing them."

During the reading of this account the geographer had displayed great interest. He then inquired about the police system in Mexico, finding out that the force was fair, though slow to act. He also learned that the house of the robbed man was in a remote part of the city. He remarked that it was quite clear that the robbers had interests in the United States from the characterization of the leader as a cunning rather than a brutal man, and

from the fact that they took checks and notes, which were of no use to them in their mountain fastness, for if they dared to venture forth openly again they would be quickly arrested, and it would in any case be far easier and safer for them to steal than to buy. Therefore they wanted money, he argued, for some unusual purpose, and contemplated a return to the States as soon as they had a sufficient sum to carry out that end.

Mr. Allen impatiently suggested something about a bank failure or embezzlement, and said they had better change the subject. The stranger smiled, but acquiesced.

"Why don't you show Mr. Duncan your Mexican ball game?" Mr. Allen queried of the boys. "It used to be the favorite game of the nobility with the Aztecs, Mr. Duncan, and the boys are very much taken with it. It is like tennis, only there are no racquets and you cannot touch the ball with your hand, but must hit it with some other part of your body. Ah! here's my friend Hernfault, whom I was telling you about. He'll doubtless take a hand in the game; he's as bad as the boys."

When the introductions were over they went out to the tennis court and played merrily for some time. The stranger was much interested.

"It's fully as healthful as tennis," he said, "and even more exciting, I should think. It must require a great deal of skill to be a good player, though. I know I should always use my hands."

"It's best for a beginner to use his head or arms," said Tom. "But instances will occur where it will be easier to use other members, and thus you get accustomed to employ all parts of your body."

Mr. Duncan was then invited to play, and took his place in the court. The sun was overshadowed by a cloud during the first few moments of their play, but suddenly it blazed out in all its glory. As it did so the report of a gun was heard, and smoke was seen rising from a hill on the other side of Lake Texuco. A bullet came whizzing by, cutting through the ball they were playing with, and lodged in a great oak at the end of the court, injuring no one.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Though no one was injured by the shot, great excitement naturally arose in the tennis-court. Mr. Duncan, to whom the bullet came nearest, was, strange to say, the only cool member of the party. The others were all bent on severe measures, but were in no haste to act.

"We must go to the city at once and order out the militia," said Mr. Allen.

"No use going off half-cocked," said Mr. Hernfault. "Let us take time to organize a thorough expedition, and be sure of our prey."

"By the time your militia is ordered out or your expedition organized," said Mr. Allen, "your prey may be in Canada. It is undoubtedly the same six robbers we read of in the paper, and they have not had time to go far yet; so get your Indians together, furnish them and us with horses, and let us pursue them at once. A dozen well armed Indians will be plenty to handle six robbers."

Everyone saw the reason of this suggestion, and in ten minutes they set out with the band of Indians for the hill, which they reached in three-quarters of an hour, but they found no trace of the men. Up one side and down the other they went, and when they had travelled five miles to the East they found tracks indeed, which revealed the fact that they had been going in the wrong direction all the time. Still they scoured the district to see if the men had not doubled, but they found no counter tracks, so they were obliged to go back. Once, however, they thought they were on the right track, for Fred discovered newly made footprints in a peculiar yellowish clay.

"Here it is!" he shouted at the top of his voice, "there's a whole lot of them."

"No, my boy," said Mr. Duncan, "those were made by Mexican boots. But what was that it said in the paper about reddish clay? The ball game made me forget it. Oh, yes, the tracks were of reddish clay, found only in some mountains. Now, where are they, and how far is it?"

"Oh," said Mr. Allen, "they are right over there. I know the place where the red clay is only too well. It is but a few miles from the ranch, in a north-westerly direction. We'd better cross the lake."

"Ah, it mentioned a boat, too. We'll have to go to Texuco. They will have a start of, say, three hours; we won't be ready for an hour yet. It is now half-past five. We can't catch them tonight, but we can find their tracks and be all ready for them tomorrow."

When Mr. Duncan had finished this soliloquy they set out for Texuco, were shown the place where the boat was found, and were told that it had not been removed by the authorities. So, as it was not there then, evidently the robbers had taken it. All of which confirmed Mr. Duncan's theory. Besides, the tracks of the men were found near the place where the boat had been; they were identical with those east of the hill. So they sent the Indians back by land with the horses, and they themselves began their trip across the lake.

"Gracious!" said Mr. Allen, "I've left my estate without a soul to protect it except a lot of stupid Indian women. We must hurry and see if we can get there in time to stop the mischief. But



what do you think of the case, Mr. Duncan?"

"It has more ins and outs about it than you imagine," he replied. "If the men know of our pursuit, which is more than likely, we will have much ado to take them alive, I can tell you. If they don't, with their comparatively small knowledge of the country and your extensive one, you ought to take them without much trouble. They will hardly dare to go into the city as openly as they did yesterday a second time; they are shrewd enough to know that all the country is only waiting for them to venture forth once more."

"Well, surely they cannot know the region very well, but neither are we acquainted with the mountains now. We used to be, but about two months ago there was a severe earthquake which completely altered the appearance of the mountain. Still, the immediate region around the red clay was not materially affected."

"Does it afford suitable places of retreat for such men as these?" queried the geographer.

"The mountains are nowhere more devoid of irregular features than there. It is a rocky place, a little clay occasionally covering the cliffs and ledges. What little space we have explored since the earthquake, however, was brimming with caves, chasms and gorges, and would be an admirable retreat for them. But here's Grace Hernfaut's lake garden."

So saying they alighted on it, doubtless impelled by seeing many signs of devastation. And it was a distressing sight to see the way that beautiful garden had been abused. Vegetables had been stolen without number, and flower beds had been torn to pieces and destroyed. It would have been difficult to find a good vegetable or any sound fruit on the whole garden.

"Poor Grace," said Mr. Hernfaut, "how badly she will feel to see her plants treated in this barbarous manner. This garden was her greatest pride. She would sit here sketching for hours, and the old Indian who takes care of it has little to do; she likes nothing better than taking care of it herself, and she always does whenever she can."

"And, by the way, Mr. Hernfaut, where is the hut of that Indian tender whom you mentioned?" queried Mr. Duncan. "He must be killed, surely?"

"Oh, no, you can depend upon it he is safe at home now. He could easily get away, and they are not over-fond of getting butchered."

"If he had escaped he would have given the alarm, and half of this work would never have been done. No, he has not escaped; they could shoot him even at a great distance. Where is his hut?"

Mr. Hernfaut led the way to the little hut, totally hidden by the young corn which surrounded it, in the north-eastern corner of the garden. But there was still no trace of the Indian, so they walked over toward the shore, and finally found his body. His head had been crushed by the butt of a gun while he was sitting in a chair. As Mr. Duncan bent down to examine the corpse he served as a target for the second time that day. This time the bullet lodged in his thorax.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## How "Billy" Foiled the Men-at-Arms.

Perhaps some of the people who read this sketch may have read elsewhere how Major Devereaux broke King Louis' edict against duelling, and how he incurred the bitter hostility of the powerful house of Chateaufort. To such as were interested I will add these few facts of his subsequent career which have recently come to my knowledge:

When Major Devereaux left the gardens after the duel, he had no plans for the future. In fact his brain was in a confused whirl, in which was mixed recollections of Louis de Marguac's advice before the duel, the combat, and, what seemed to occupy the greater part of his thoughts, his wound. He had a faint remembrance of De Marguac telling him that he would meet his servant Antoine at Chatillon. (This was a small village about five miles distant from Paris and Versailles.) Hither the Major hastened.

It is necessary to say a few words about Antoine, for that nondescript character plays an important part in the events to come. Antoine, when Billy Devereaux first met him, was a Paris gamin, one of that world famed class whose reputation is none of the best — cunning, unscrupulous, with very little regard for other people's property, but, as a rule, faithful, and true to their friends. Billy met with Antoine in this way: It was while Billy was still a page that, one day, going for a short cut through one of the narrow streets of the city on a message from the king to Colbert — for at that time Louis was in Paris — he saw two gamins pummeling a boy of about his own age. The two boys had their opponent down and were beating him unmercifully. Billy, forgetting his message in his desire to see fair play, ran across the street and joined in the conflict. His strong arm soon put the two rascals to flight, although his handsome livery was somewhat tattered as a result of the mêlée. The sort of friendship which sprung up between the two boys as a consequence of this little affair — for it was Antoine whom Billy aided — resulted in Antoine becoming Billy's servant when the Major joined the Irish brigade.

Never did Billy repent of the short cut he took for Colbert's message. There wasn't a camp better taken care of or a horse better groomed during the whole campaign, and as for food, Billy lived as well as the king. When the Major returned from going the rounds of the guard he found a fowl or some other delicacy awaiting him. If he had a couple of friends call, there was always a bottle of Schnapps and some cold fowl in his tent. In fact

Billy's servant was the wonder and admiration of everybody. Before Namur, when the French soldiery were starving, Billy was knee-deep in luxuries: a nice ham, a cheese, or a tender chicken were always in his tent. When asked where he got those dainties, Antoine always had the same answer — he found them — and Billy was too wise to press him further. Such was the person whom Billy was now riding to meet.

He reached Chatillon in the forenoon, very much exhausted, and was met by his impatient servant. Antoine was wild with grief when he saw his master wounded, but soon calmed down when he heard of the danger which threatened Billy. Antoine saw that Billy was in no condition to travel farther, and persuaded him to come to a house just outside of Chatillon which was owned by a cousin of Antoine's. Here he knew Billy would be safe.

Billy was, of course, impatient at the delay, fearing lest he was ruining his chances of escape; but Antoine soon showed him the folly of this idea.

"If we had kept on," he said, "we would soon have been captured, for they would have been riding night and day and would soon have caught up to us; but now we have thrown them off the scent, for they will never suspect we are hiding within five miles of our starting place."

They waited a fortnight before they started, until Billy's wound was fully healed. Then, with many thanks and a dozen Louis d'or, they left Antoine's kinsman and started southward. They had a long discussion before they started as to whether it would be advisable to go north, south, east or west. To the north lay the army in Flanders, which would have been hard to pass; to the east would be entirely out of their way, and they would have had a very long distance to travel before they could get a chance to get to England, for which place Billy was headed; the west would be the hardest place of all, because the shipping would surely be carefully watched; so both agreed that it would be easier to go to the south and try and reach Marseilles. Their first day's journey was uneventful, and they passed the night in a small inn a few miles south of Etampes. The landlord was a fat, good-natured fellow, with a slight Provençal accent, although he claimed that he had never been south of Orleans; but he knew every turn of the road from Etampes to Orleans, and cheerfully shared this knowledge with our heroes.

The next day's ride under ordinary circumstances would have been very interesting to Billy, for it was through the sunny fields of Orleans, and the steady gallop through the fresh air was very pleasant. The constant fear of pursuit haunted him, however, and dispelled all the charms of the journey. The next

day's travelling brought them to the Loire, which they crossed a few miles above Orleans. They did not pass through the town for fear of meeting some of Chateaubriand's or King Louis' emissaries, some of whom would be very likely to be in such a large city as Orleans.

The fourth day after leaving Chatillon passed without incident, but on the fifth day a heavy rain fell, and it was late in the evening when they rode their steaming horses up to the inn at St. Amand. The inn was a low, dingy structure, and the landlord a surly looking rascal, and for some reason Billy felt an unaccountable distrust of the place; but as there was no other inn in the town and as it was raining steadily outside, they had no choice but to stop or else pass a disagreeable night in the woods, so Billy determined to swallow his suspicions and to wait at the inn for better weather. Still, he was not perfectly satisfied, so he bade Antoine look after the horses himself and to keep them saddled.

Dismounting from his tired horse, and handing the reins to Antoine, he passed into the inn. The ceiling was very low studded, and the heavy oak beams were blackened with smoke. By the dim light which the fire gave he got a faint idea of the plan of the place. The lower floor was divided into two apartments, one used presumably as a kitchen, and the other as the general room of the inn. Tables were ranged around all the walls, and there was a large open fireplace opposite the door. In this was a large pile of fuel, and the ruddy glare issuing from it was the only cheerful thing about the place. The occupants of the room when Billy entered were four peasants, who were grouped about the fire. One of these, at a signal from the landlord (who had followed Billy in), got up and went out. Billy remarked this, but did not give it any thought, supposing he was going out to help stable the horses, but it came back to his mind very vividly a short while later. Billy attempted to draw the peasants into conversation, but with no success. They answered his questions sullenly, but none of them ventured any in return.

At last, giving it up as a bad job, he settled himself in one of the chairs near the fire and waited for his supper to be brought in. In about fifteen minutes Antoine came in and nodded to Billy to signify he had prepared the horses as he had been bidden. He then strode up to the fire, pushed his way among the group around it, and warmed his hands over the blaze. He was greeted with surly looks, but this had about as much impression on Antoine as water has on a duck.

In a short while the landlord brought in an unsavory mess for supper, and placed it on a table



near one of the windows. When he had set the pewter plates down he demanded his pay in advance. This instantly aroused Billy's suspicions, but he said nothing but paid the landlord what he asked.

They had just finished their supper when five men-at-arms rode noisily up to the door. They dismounted and threw the reins of their horses to a couple of the peasants who had gone outside to see who the new-comers were. They brought them around to the stable in the rear.

"Quick," said Billy, turning to Antoine, "get out before they come in, and bring our horses around to the side of the inn." Antoine hastily jumped out of the window just as the men-at-arms clanked into the inn. One of them, who appeared to be a leader, glanced sharply around the room as he entered and seemed satisfied when he saw Billy seated there. The five of them then took their seats at a table next to the door.

There was a wonderful change in the landlord's manner as he greeted these arrivals and a remarkable increase of alacrity as he brought them the bowls of wine they ordered. Billy now saw where the peasant, who had gone out when he came in, had gone to, and the two blue bars on the new-comer's arms proved that the dead Duke's brother had got his agents to work. In the meantime, Billy's brain was rapidly working and he saw that a conflict with these fellows was inevitable. He took a hasty glance out of the window as the leader of the party, rising from his seat, sauntered up to him, hoping to see Antoine come around the corner of the inn with the horses, but the varlet was nowhere in sight. The leader of the band approached him with his arms akimbo, and said with an insolent air. "And what might your name be, pray?"

"I think that concerns myself alone," answered Billy, haughtily.

"Do you, Monsieur Devereaux?" said the other, sneeringly. While this little conversation was going on, the other four had approached the speakers; Billy saw that he was in a very tight hole and he glanced around him to see what could aid him against his five adversaries. He was standing between two tables, which prevented him from being attacked on the flank, and behind him was the wall, so that his opponents could only meet him in front. He saw that his position was not entirely hopeless.

"Well," said the leader, "you know who we are. Will you surrender to us? Remember, you can't kill any of us with your cowardly tricks, and if you want to save your skin"—the leader did not have a chance to finish his sentence, the heavy chair on which Billy was leaning whirled around as though as light as a feather, propelled by an arm which had

served King Louis for ten years, and the leader of the party was *hors de combat* with a broken skull. The remaining four men-at-arms rushed at Billy in a body, but the first to try to get between the two tables, recoiled with a yell of pain as the Major's sharp sword passed through his arm. It was quick work, and Billy had had hardly time to draw his sword before the rascal was at him, but the fraction of a second, during which the men hesitated when they saw their leader fall, enabled Billy to unsheath his blade and save his life. The men-at-arms next tried to drag the tables farther apart and succeeded in moving one, but the legs of the other were so firmly imbedded in the dirt floor that it could not be moved. The space was now so wide that two men could attack him at once, and second after second, seemingly minutes to Billy, of the most exciting sword-play he had ever engaged in went by. Billy said afterwards that his duel with the Duke did not hold a candle to it. The beads of perspiration trickled down his cheek, and he had almost given up hope, thinking that Antoine had been captured by some of the peasants, when he heard a shrill neigh near the window. Just then, the other man-at-arms,—for the fourth one was seated at the fire nursing his wounded arm, hit upon an idea, and crawling under the table, began jabbing at Billy's legs with a short dagger. It would have gone hard with Billy, but just at that moment something whizzed by his head and a heavy pewter plate crashed into the fellow's face opposite him, knocking out about all his front teeth and sending him to the ground like a log.

Another whiz and a second plate narrowly escaped the other man's head. Billy turned quickly and saw Antoine's grinning through the window,

"Quick," he said, "before they recover," and Billy was through the window before he finished the sentence. The horses were outside, and vaulting into the saddle they were fifty yards down the road before one of their assailants was outside the door of the inn.

F. II., '97.

Fairrell can make your drill jacket in a fashionable three or four button coat for a slight expense.

INSTRUCTOR: "Did you go over this lesson?"

PUPIL: "Yes, sir. I took the next one by mistake."

Bullard, who advertises on page 4, is a Latin School graduate.

The Registration Room closed the last day of September, but you can give your subscription to the reporter in your room and it "will get there just the same."

## The Harvard Examinations.

Out of the class of ninety-six, twenty-four boys took the final examinations for admission to Harvard last June. Of these, all were admitted, eighteen of them without conditions. The remaining six had seven conditions; two of these were marked N. B., which signifies that no book was left. There were in all seventy-nine honors, an excellent record for so small a class, for this makes an average of over three honors for each boy. Eight passed Advanced French, an extra subject; and ten took Elementary German, six receiving honors.

D. F. Drake made the best record ever made in the Latin School, in the memory of our instructors. He received nine honors, embracing fourteen out of the eighteen hours which he took. H. L. Seaver was the next best, with seven honors; while Oakman and McGauley received six each. Bellamy, Morse, and Doherty received five each.

In September Seaver and Oakman passed with credit in the extra subjects of Advanced Latin and Freshman English. Oakman also passed Advanced German, while Bellamy, Morse, and Drake passed in Elementary German, Hathaway and Doherty in Advanced Latin, and Morse in Freshman English.

Several of the boys went to other colleges, as follows: Baker to Yale; Billings, Wesleyan; Blair, Ham, and Rankin to Dartmouth; Rogers to Williams; McLachlin to the Harvard Medical School; Morris to St. Anselm's, N. H.

Kelley has gone into business.

Of the class of ninety-seven, forty-eight boys took the preliminary examinations. Of these, eighteen passed eleven hours each successfully, including Advanced French; and eighteen passed nine hours; most of these did not take Advanced French, so that there were about thirty-six who had no conditions imposed. The remaining twelve boys had nineteen conditions. The total number of honors was fifty-six.

Manahan and Clark have entered Harvard, and Barron has gone to Tufts. Clark took Elementary and Advanced German. Young passed the examinations at Brown, and Robinson at Dartmouth. Clapp has entered Boston University. Church has gone to the Institute of Technology, and Foster into business. Nagle, ex '98, and Wadleigh, ex '99, have entered Harvard, and Landrigan, ex '99, has passed six hours of the preliminary examinations.

Additional information in regard to the class of ninety-six will be given in the next number.

Boys wishing to attend a select dancing school will patronize Mr. H. E. Munroe. See ad. on page 2.

## School Notes.

The meeting of the first class for election of officers and committees was held on Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 2 o'clock. Owing to the largeness of the class the candidates for the several committees were very numerous.

J. J. O'Donnell was elected president by an almost unanimous vote. Secretary, A. M. Reilly.

Pin Committee -- A. W. Lincoln, chairman; G. S. Morse, H. A. Guiler, W. G. Bruns, B. E. Wood.

Photograph Committee -- J. F. Havey, chairman; G. E. Robinson, F. Shurtleff, F. T. Leahy, J. A. O'Gorman.

Dance Committee -- L. A. Stillings, chairman; J. J. O'Donnell, G. H. Tower, F. W. Lowe, E. L. Drowne.

On each committee the one receiving the largest number of votes was declared chairman.

The Class Day Committee, which arranges the programme of Feb. 22, is yet to be chosen.

The Glee Club has again been called together under the direction of Mr. Howell. Although only one member remains from last year's club, yet with persistent effort the organization will undoubtedly be successful.

In addition to the Glee Club a praiseworthy effort is being made to form a banjo club.

Every boy in the school, from the sixth class up, who can play any of these instruments, is earnestly requested to visit Morse, Room 17. We wish the undertaking the greatest success.

The old school was never so crowded as it is this year. During the last three years the entering and the out-of-course classes have been steadily increasing, until now every available room in the building is used for a class room.

Strange murmurings, broken by sharp explosions, were the order last week. They were those monthly occurrences dreaded by some, slighted by others -- the class declamations.

There are days when the corridors are very inviting places. All of us are not yet back in the old routine of study, and it is rather hard to leave a lively discussion of the prospects of our football team, the probable winner in the tennis tournament, and the like, to go to the class-room and get from somebody more studious than ourselves that sentence of Latin or Greek that was so puzzling, or a fine point in mathematics which we can't understand.

There has been such a thing known as a fellow studying instead of eating his lunch, but even when the lessons are hardest, in a school of hearty New Englanders the greatest crowd will be found at the lunch room.

## The Latin School Register.

JOSEPH O'GORMAN . . . . . Editor-in-Chief  
DAVID DALY . . . . . Business Manager

### ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

FLAVEL SHURTLIFF . . . . . Literary  
LEO JAMES LOGAN . . . . . Military  
B. E. WOOD . . . . . Sporting

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Contributions are solicited from undergraduates.

All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper.

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OCTOBER, 1896.

THE REGISTER has not, thus far, received the support which it has a right to expect from the school. Now, every boy in the school can afford to subscribe and should do so. We want more subscriptions, so, if your neighbor does not take the paper, you may constitute yourself reporter for the time being, and persuade him to subscribe. The reporters should be on the alert to gather in all delinquent subscriptions, and thus make our task a little lighter.

The reporters have been picked out with great care this year and have been appointed only on condition that they would write frequently for the paper. Now, we shall expect something from each and every one within a very short time. Those who fail to comply will be liable to removal. In some classes there was considerable competition for the reportership, which pleased us beyond expression, but involved the necessity of disappointing some. Now if any of those candidates who were not selected will write frequently for us, we will guarantee that none will be forgotten next year.

Many boys seem disposed to blame the teachers when they are kept back, and, strange to say, their parents frequently hold the same views. These should be reminded that the teachers are hired to teach, and *not to learn for*, the pupils. No boy who spends all his time out of school and half of his time in school in play can expect to get along; yet it is a boy of this class who generally feels most injured at getting the transferral to a lower class, which he deserves and needs.

The class of ninety-seven is, we believe, the largest graduating class the Latin School ever had. Of

course we are all proud of the distinction, and we expect to make the class distinguished for several other points before we leave the school. But there is one draw-back; the class officers and committees do not go as far as usual, and partly for that reason and partly on account of their unwieldy size, the class meetings are not as noted for their decorum as they would otherwise be. Now just imagine the President's predicament. Fifty boys waving their hands at him and shouting for recognition do not tend to make his lot a happy one. So it would be well for the members to exercise a little more patience.

The boys of the second class will begin to look forward earnestly to the Harvard examinations about the first of March, and many will think regretfully of neglected lessons in the first half of the year and try to make up for their losses, but in vain. The best plan is to look forward to the examinations from the very beginning. As yet the number of boys who have been able to do the work of the second class year in four months has not been surprisingly large. The Harvard authorities are evidently becoming more and more severe in marking examination papers, and no one can afford to neglect any portion of his work.

Neglect of study on the part of some of our athletes is often unjustly ascribed, both by the teachers and by the delinquent, to the time spent in practice. A slight glance at the facts will show the absurdity of this error. The Latin School team are obliged to leave the Irvington Oval at half past three, and every member of the team can be on his way home by four o'clock. This leaves abundant time, not only to get one's lessons, but to perform a large number of other duties as well. Then, compare the records of the boys during the football season with those made during the rest of the year. The boy is frequently told at the first of December that his poor scholarship has been tolerated during the football season, but he must expect no further indulgence. Naturally, a slight gain takes place in December, but after that the lessons go along in the same old rut. On the other hand, those of the athletes who are good scholars do as well during the football season as at any other time of the year. A slight examination will show where to lay the blame.

The success which certain private preparatory schools have had in getting imperfectly prepared boys into our colleges is being extensively commented upon. Several instances can be cited where boys have left the fourth class of the Latin School, gone through a preparatory course of about six



months, and entered Harvard, and the question is naturally being asked, "Is it not a waste of time to spend four years at the Latin School when one can be 'prepared' for college in six months?" Also, it is noticeable that the boys who go through such a course are not, as a rule, among the most brilliant and persevering students. But it stands to reason that no tutor can teach in six months what the Latin School requires four years for, and what the boys who leave the school in this way despair of being able to learn in six or seven years. So everybody wants to know how the trick is done. Well, from all appearances, these schools cram their pupils with just enough to squeeze through five or six hours with D's, and this conglomerate mass of learning lasts during the three days of the examinations. Now the Latin School does not prepare boys to squeeze through the entrance examinations; it prepares them to take the college course easily and honorably. The Latin read in the Freshman class of Harvard has no terrors for the moderately bright boy in the second class of our school, though undoubtedly more fluency of translation is expected than we are capable of. If you finish your course in the Latin School you will have no cause to regret it.

One class declamation is over, and the first Public Declamation is approaching. The probability is that the first class this year will take great interest in the declamation. In other years this has not been the case, and the programme frequently showed one or two declaimers short of the full number. This interest ought to promote a healthy sentiment toward speaking in the whole school, for the force of example is great.

The large proportions of the Out-of-Course class show that the Latin School is becoming more and more popular, and also that most parents prefer to have their sons graduate from the Grammar school first. The results apparently prove the wisdom of this preference, for the boys who go through the Out-of-Course class seem, as a whole, to get along better than the others. In a recent year, out of eighteen prizes for scholarship in the third class, seventeen were captured by Grammar school graduates.

To how many kilograms tension should you subject a person's nether limb before expecting a permanent elongation?

INSTRUCTOR: "X, What is a ewe?"

X: "A female ram, sir."

When we said seventy-five hundred miles in chapter I of our serial we meant feet. However we were not thinking of any particular person.

## ATHLETIC NOTES.

### Boston Latin 4—Andover 0.

On Saturday, September 26, B. L. S. went to Andover and played the Academy's team. The Andover team averaged over 20 pounds more than ours, but their weight was not combined with good playing. Our team kept the ball most of the time and made long gains around the ends and through the line. Lowe played a fine game. At one stage of the game five Andover men directed their energies against him. The right guard was opposite him, the centre and the right tackle were turned towards him and behind these were a half-back and the quarter-back, but Lowe pushed his way through the whole of them as if they had been but one man. Andover played some graduates on her eleven and we were allowed to play Maguire, Dean and Brayton.

Maguire kicked off. Barker caught the ball and then fell back for a punt. Robinson broke through and blocked the kick. Andover fell on the ball and then fumbled. Lowe dropped on the ball. The ball was then on Boston Latin's 25 yd. line. By steady rushes it was then pushed down to Andover's 5 yd. line. At this point Stillings got off side and Andover got the ball. Barker punted to the middle of the field, Maguire caught the ball, but was tackled before he could make a gain. After one more rush time was called.

#### SECOND HALF.

Boston Latin started out this half determined to win. Andover kicked to the 15 yd. line, where Robinson caught the ball; then by steady rushes and excellent team work and especially good work on the part of Lowe and Robinson, the ball was carried right down the field and Teevens was pushed over the line, through Lowe's guard, for a touch down. Maguire just missed the goal, the ball hitting the post. Andover was completely dazed at the outcome of the game, for the game was nearly finished, as Boston Latin had only time to make one rush before time was called.

During the whole game Andover had had six chances to rush. The result of these six chances was one short rush, three fumbles, one blocked kick and one good kick.

After the game the field rang with the "cheers of our men." Last year B. L. S. beat Andover for the first time, and the year before she scored against her for the first time.

## B. L. S.

Murphy.....l. e.  
 Talbot.....l. t.  
 Capt. Lowe.....l. g.  
 Brayton.....c.  
 Stillings.....r. g.  
 Dean.....r. t.  
 D. Daly.....r. e.  
 Robinson.....q. b.  
 Maguire.....h. b.  
 Bellamy.....h. b.  
 Teevens.....f. b.

SCORE. Boston Latin 4—Andover 0. Touchdown, Teevens; Umpire, Gould; Referee, Townsend; Linesman, C. Daly; Time, two 10-minute halves.

## Boston Latin 8—Roxbury Latin 0.

Wednesday, September 30, our team lined up against that of Roxbury Latin on Brookline Common for a practice game. The day was very warm and so only a short game of 15 and 10-minute halves was played. Roxbury won the toss and kicked off. Murphy caught the ball. Teevens went through Roxbury's line for 8 yards. Then, after a few short rushes by Murphy and Teevens, Murphy made a rush of 40 yards around the left and for a touchdown. Teevens missed the goal. Score, 4 to 0. Roxbury kicked off again and Bellamy caught the ball. Teevens made a good gain through the line. The ball then went to Roxbury on a fumble by Bellamy, but before Roxbury could make many gains time was called.

## SECOND HALF.

Bolster kicked off and Roxbury's man has tackled on the 25 yd. line. George then punted, Durham caught the ball on the 45 yd. line. Teevens, in four rushes through Roxbury's line, carried the ball on the line for a touchdown; he again missed the goal. Score 8 to 0. Roxbury kicked off. Boston lost the ball for off-side play. Roxbury made a few short rushes and then was held for four downs and time was called.

Roxbury had practiced only four days before the game and its team was lighter on the whole than ours. Considering these things, she played a very good, up-hill game, and we should have run up a larger score.

Teevens and Lowe played well, but there was plenty of room for improvement in the playing of the others. Stilling was weak at right guard, owing to his lame ankles. Carey's inexperience told upon him at centre.

Converse } .....l. e.  
 Durham } .....l. t.  
 Talbot.....l. t.  
 Capt. Lowe.....l. g.  
 Carey.....c.  
 Stillings.....r. g.  
 Nagle } .....r. t.  
 Davis } .....r. e.  
 Converse.....r. e.  
 Robinson.....q. b.  
 Bellamy.....h. b.  
 Murphy.....h. b.  
 Bolster } .....f. b.  
 Teevens.....f. b.

## ANDOVER.

r. e.....Cady  
 r. t.....Ferris  
 r. g.....Gordon  
 c.....Halladay  
 l. g.....Barlslay  
 l. t.....Frink  
 l. e.....Wheeler  
 q. b.....Quimby (Wheeler)  
 h. b.....Jones  
 h. b.....Boynton  
 f. b.....Capt. Barke

Score.—Boston Latin 8—Roxbury Latin 0. Touchdowns, Murphy, Teevens; Umpire, MacLachlan; Referee, Boyce. Time, 15 and 10-minute halves.

## Needham A. C. 6—B. L. S. 0.

Saturday, October 3, B. L. S. lined up against the Needham Athletic Club team on Needham Common. Needham's team was much heavier than ours, the three centre men weighing 684 lbs. in all. But, in spite of their weight, our team played all around them in the first half, but towards the end of the second half their weight told. Our team put up a first-class game throughout the entire game and Needham would probably not have scored had the halves been shorter. Needham at first wanted to play 30-minute halves, but a compromise of 20-minute halves was finally made.

Needham won the toss, and Capt. Twigg kicked off. Daly caught the ball on the 25-yard line. Bellamy made two rushes around the right end for 10 and 12 yards, aided by good interference. Daly made a couple of small gains around the left end, and Teevens went between the guards and tackles for two good gains. The ball was now on Needham's 12-yard line. It was pushed over the 10-yard line, and then B. L. S. was held for four downs.

A song was started on the side lines about being on the look-out "when Smith goes around the end." Smith tried the left end, but lost 3 yards owing to a fine tackle by Converse. Again the left end was tried, but Converse was again ready for them, and Crossman was downed without a gain. Smith then punted to Kelly on the 18-yard line. The ball was kept around the 10-yard line until time was called.

## SECOND HALF.

Robinson kicked off. The ball was caught on the 20-yard line, and the rusher was tackled by Kelly on the spot. In three rushes Needham got the ball very near the 25-yard line, but it was disputed whether or not he did get it quite to the line. The ball was taken back half a yard, and Needham allowed another rush. Crossman then lost three yards, and the ball was given to Boston Latin. At this point Needham's great weight began to tell. Smith made a rush of 40 yards around the right end for a touchdown. F. Jones kicked the goal.

Robinson kicked off, and Crossman caught the ball. Smith punted. Bellamy caught the ball, and gained 10 yards by a clever dodge. He made two short rushes and then punted. Before any decisive playing could be done, time was called.

Lowe played a strong game. Bellamy and Teevens made long gains around the ends and through the line. Daly didn't have many chances to rush, but he got into the interference well. Kelly's tackling was fine; seven times he got his man behind the line.

## NEEDHAM A. C.

Morrill.....r.e.  
 Harry Twigg.....r.r.  
 George Twigg.....r.g.  
 Horace Twigg (captain).....c.  
 Crowley.....l.g.  
 Whitaker.....l.t.  
 Bethel.....l.e.  
 J. Jones.....l.e.  
 Bowers.....q.b.  
 Crossman.....h.b.  
 Richards.....h.b.  
 F. Jones.....h.b.  
 Smith.....f.b.

Score—N. A. C. 6. Touchdown—Smith. Goal—F. Jones.  
 Umpire—Child. Referee—Havey. B. L. S. linesman,  
 Steele. Needham linesman, Eaton. Time—Two 20 minute  
 halves.

The position of centre is a new one for Carey,  
 and consequently he finds difficulty in playing it, but  
 he is expected to improve before the season is far  
 advanced.

W. Edmunds, B. L. S. '96, is a candidate for  
 quarterback on the Harvard freshman eleven.

Dean, of last year's football team, is playing right  
 tackle on the Burdett Business College eleven.

Rankin, B. L. S. '96, is playing tackle on his  
 class team at Dartmouth.

Manager Stillings and the Advisory Committee  
 have acted wisely in not getting practice games  
 with such heavy teams as has been the custom for-  
 merly.

Beale, '93, is a sure candidate for quarter-back on  
 the Harvard "Varsity."

B. G. Waters, an old B. L. S. man and now in  
 the Harvard Law School, is the head coach of the  
 Harvard eleven.

It was stated last month that Charley Daly would  
 not play football this year. This was a mistake.  
 He came out with the team Oct. 6, and expects to  
 play the rest of the season.

E. P. Davis, '95, and Warren, '93, are with the  
 Harvard "Varsity" squad.

The football goods furnished by the Advisory  
 Committee are exceptionally good this year. Take  
 notice, and come out and try for the team.

One noticeable fact in the Needham game was  
 the keeping back of the spectators from the side  
 lines. We should do the same in *all* games, prac-  
 tice or championship, so as to give the players  
 room.

Oh, what an advantage it would be if a shower  
 bath arrangement should be fitted up in our school!  
 There is some talk about it now.

The tennis tournament was not ended in time for  
 this edition, but will be reported in the REGISTER  
 for November.

"Allie" Gould, '91, has been selected as coach  
 for our eleven, with full powers over plays and  
 players. Great things are expected of him.

## BOSTON LATIN.

l. e. .... Kelly  
 l. t. .... Talbot  
 l. g. .... Capt. Lowe  
 r. g. .... Carey  
 r. g. .... Stillings  
 r. t. .... Potch  
 r. e. .... Converse  
 q. b. .... Robinson  
 h. b. .... Bellamy  
 h. b. .... D. Daly  
 f. b. .... Teevens

## Reporters.

The following boys have been appointed report-  
 ers in their respective rooms:

Room 1.....Freeman.  
 Room 2.....Philip Slater.  
 Room 3.....Richard Jackson.  
 Room 4.....Hathaway.  
 Room 5.....Clapp.  
 Room 6.....Jenks.  
 Room 7.....L. D. Granger.  
 Room 8.....Weil.  
 Room 9.....D. V. Fitzgerald.  
 Room 11.....Noone.  
 Room 12.....J. P. Newman.  
 Room 13.....Harry Mack.  
 Room 14.....Floyd Rich.  
 Room 15.....Charles Daly.  
 Room 16.....Vincent O'Gorman.  
 Room 24.....Roger Merrill.  
 Room 25.....Russell.

In many cases these appointments are only tem-  
 porary.

Homeric translations are sometimes quite mirth-  
 ful. A very up-to-date student describes the  
 daughter of Chryses as "going to and fro on her  
 wheel." Another thinks Apollo would ward off  
 the impending ruin "after shearing the savory  
 lambs."

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